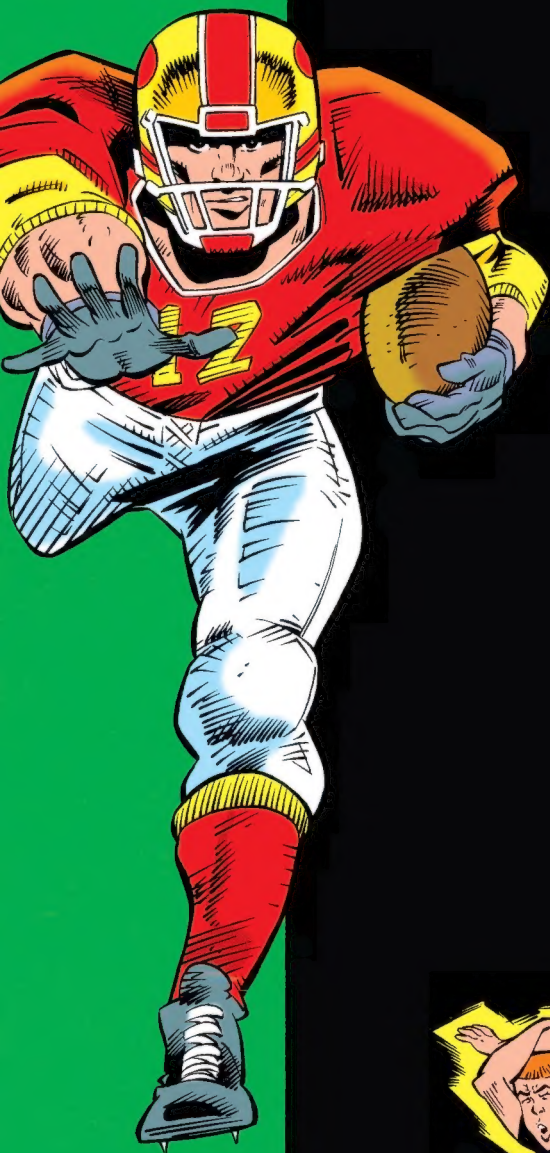


GUY GARDNER

YEAR ONE



*Yesterday's
Sins
1 of 4*



**CHUCK
DIXON**

**JOE
STATON**

**TERRY
BEATTY**

GUY GARDNER

I SHOULDN'T
EVEN BE IN
THIS STORY.

BUT LIKE THE MAN
SAID, "LIFE'S WHAT
HAPPENS TO YOU
WHILE YOU'RE
MAKING OTHER
PLANS."

I'LL START WITH
WHAT HAPPENED
TO GRAF TOREN.

HE TOLD ME
THIS PART
HIMSELF.

Yesterday's Sins 1 of 4

A YEAR ONE SAGA AS TOLD BY:

CHUCK DIXON	WRITER
JOE STATON	PENCILLER
TERRY BEATTY	INKER
ALBERT DEGUZMAN	LETTERER
ANTHONY TOLLIN	COLORIST
EDDIE BERGANZA	ASST. EDITOR
KEVIN DOOLEY	EDITOR

BACK IN THE DAYS

OLD GRAF IS
A GREEN
LANTERN.

SO WHEN A BIG OLD ALIEN
STARSHIP CREEPS INTO HIS
SECTOR OUT AT THE END OF
THE STROMAR NEBULA HE'S
HAD TO GO INVESTIGATE.


THAT'S WHAT LANTERNS
DO. THEY GIVE THEIR ALL
TO PROTECT THEIR LITTLE
PIECE OF THE COSMOS.

SOMEBODY SHOOT ME IF
I EVER THINK OF JOINING
THAT CROWD AGAIN.

LANTERNS HAVE A PROBLEM
WITH THE COLOR YELLOW.

THE SLIMIES IN THE RUSTING
SPACECRATE KNEW ABOUT IT.

GOODBYE
GRAF.



BUT THEY DIDN'T KILL HIM.
THEY HAD OTHER STUFF
THEY WANTED HIM FOR.

MURDERING HIM
WOULD HAVE BEEN
A FAVOR.

INSTEAD THEY TOOK
AWAY HIS RING.

AND THAT'S
NOT ALL THEY
PLANNED ON
TAKING AWAY.

BUT I'M GETTING
WAY AHEAD OF
MYSELF HERE.

LET'S SKIP AHEAD
A FEW MONTHS TO
THE REALLY IMPORTANT
PART OF THE STORY.

ME.

YOU CLOWNS
WANT A PIECE
OF THIS ?

GENERAL GLORY AND I WERE GOING TO THE MOVIES AFTER A BENEFIT HE DID AT A LOCAL KIDS HOSPITAL.

SOME KOBRA MUTTS DECIDE TO HELP THEMSELVES TO THE VAULTS AT THE FEDERAL RESERVE.

IT'S OKAY. THE GENERAL'S DRAGGING ME TO SOME STEVEN SEAGAL MOVIE ANYWAY.

THAT'S THE BEST YOU CAN DO?

GET SERIOUS, PEOPLE.

DOES THAT CLOWN GOT AN EGO OR WHAT?



YOU'D BETTER GET SERIOUS, GUY.

IF YOU'RE SHOWING OFF FOR MY BENEFIT THEN YOU CAN SAVE YOUR ENERGY.

THE GENERAL'S BEEN CRANKY ALL DAY. MUST HAVE MISSED AN OVALTINE BREAK.

WHAT'S THAT, MON GENERAL?



BUT HE'S STILL NOT USED TO THE WAY WE BUST HEADS IN THE NINETIES.

JUST MY STYLE, PAL. THE OLD GARDNER CHARM.

THIS IS THE ONE WE WANT...

Light

NO...

BUT THIS YELLOW ONE IS MORE POWERFUL...
...SCANNERS READ POWER TO A NINE FACTOR...

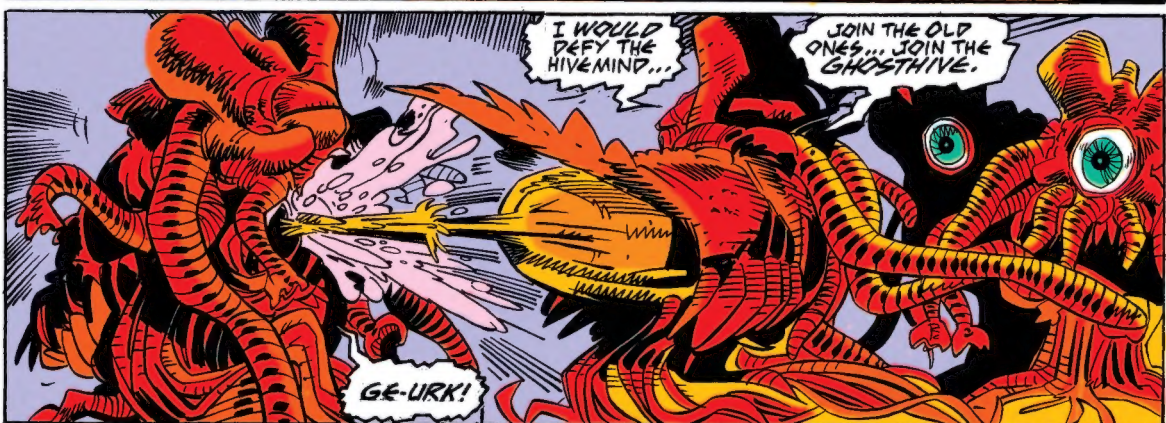
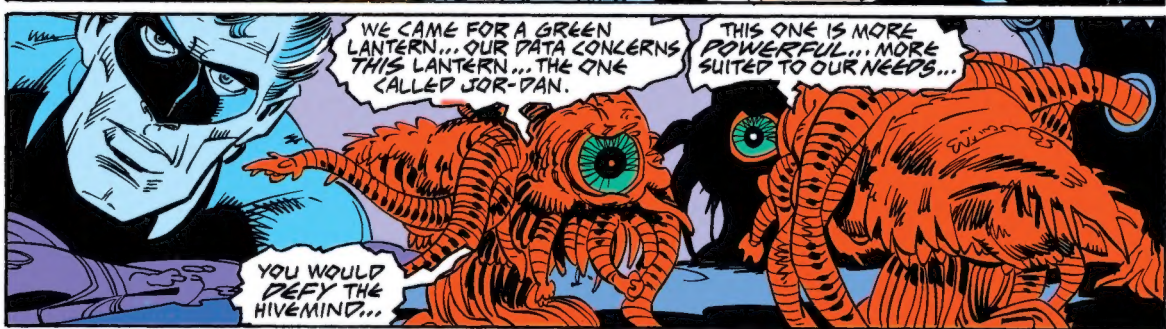
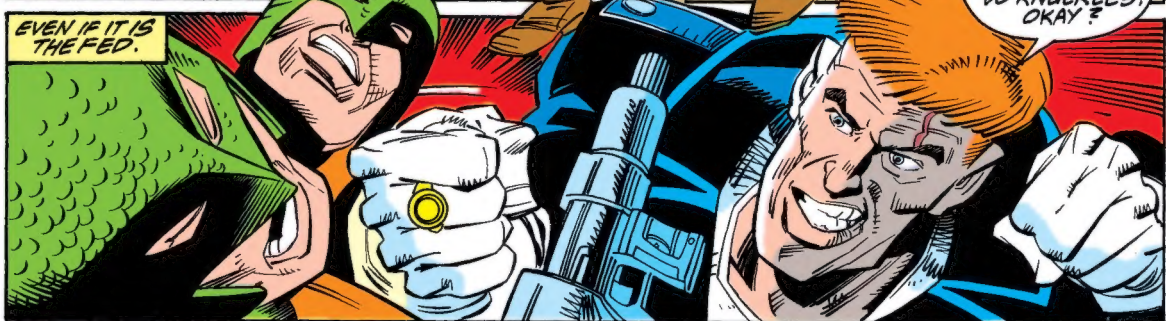
THIS IS THE LANTERN OF THIS SECTOR.

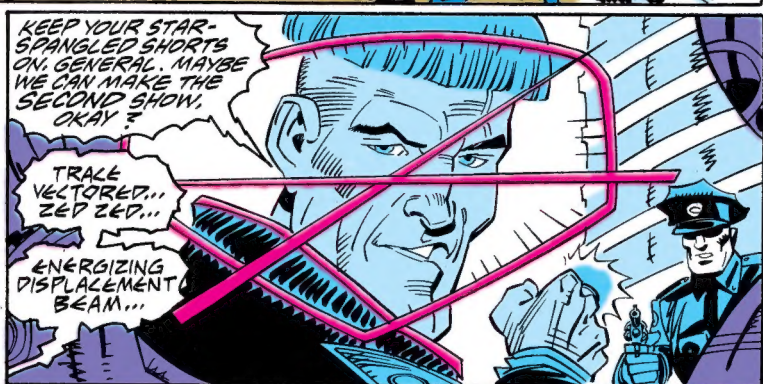
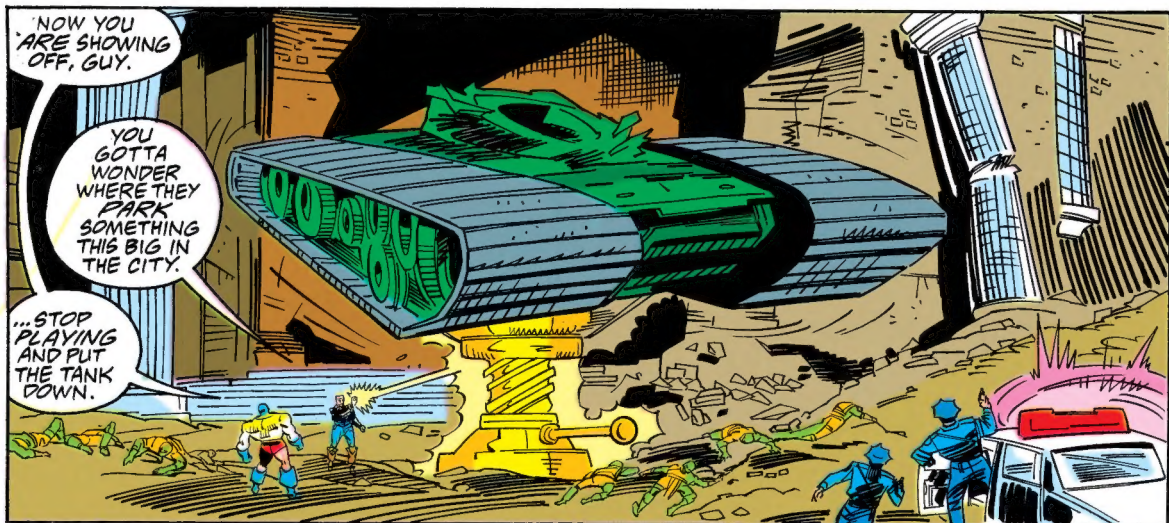
...IT IS THIS ONE WE WANT.

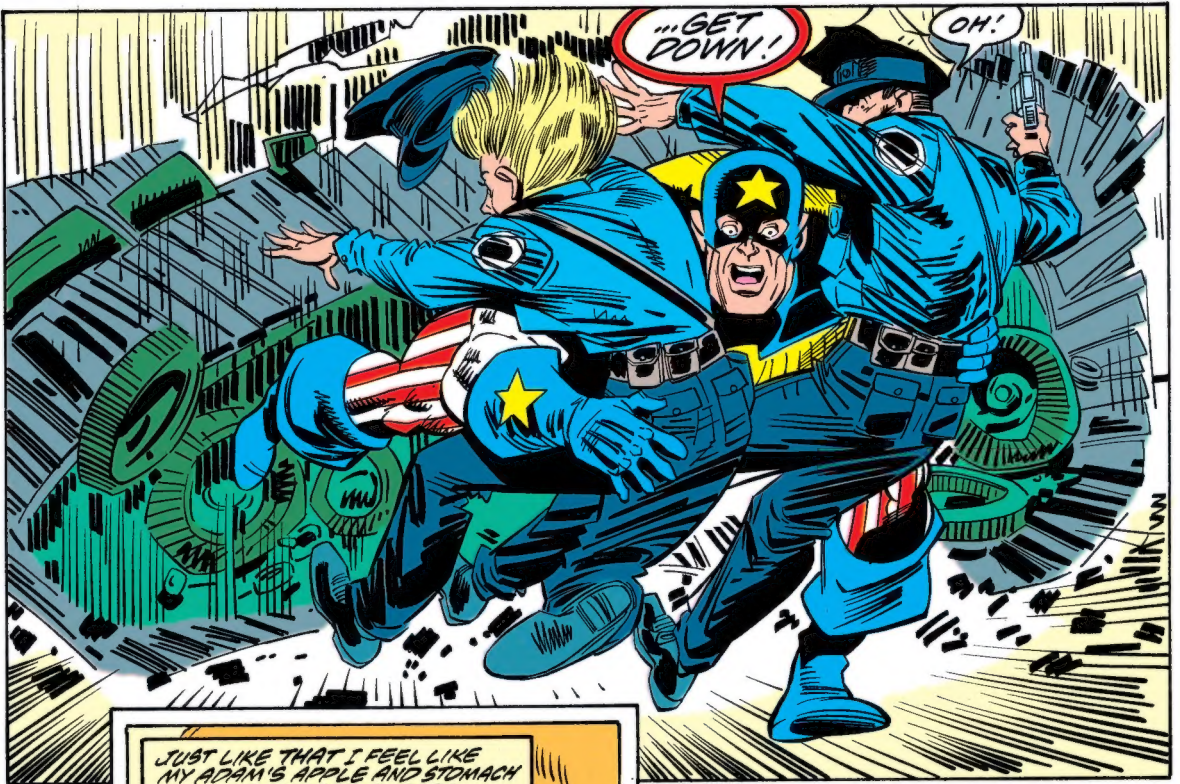
CONCENTRATE FIRE ON HIM, YOU DOLTS!

THE ONE WITH THE DOPEY PRINCE VALIANT HAIRCUT!

DOPEY, HUH? PRINCE VALIANT, HUH?



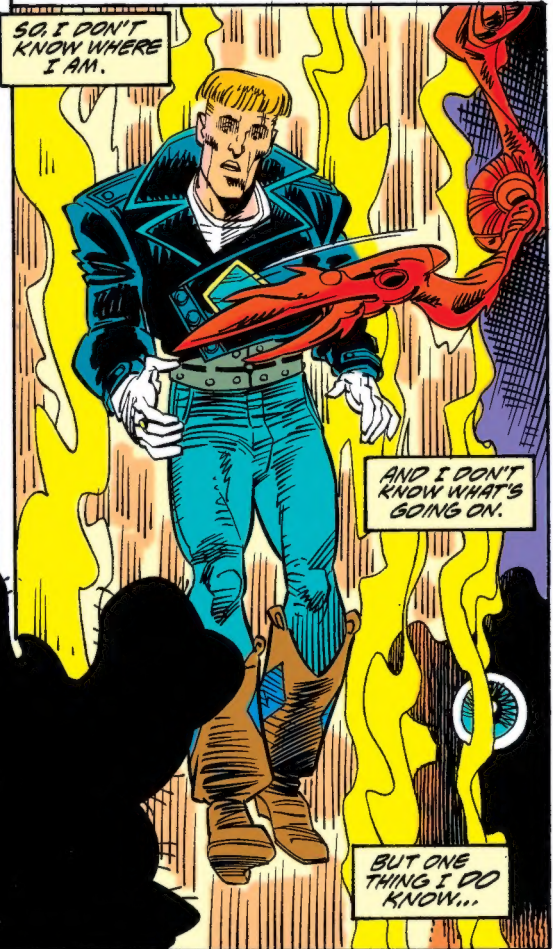




JUST LIKE THAT I FEEL LIKE
MY ADAM'S APPLE AND STOMACH
HAVE TRADED PLACES.

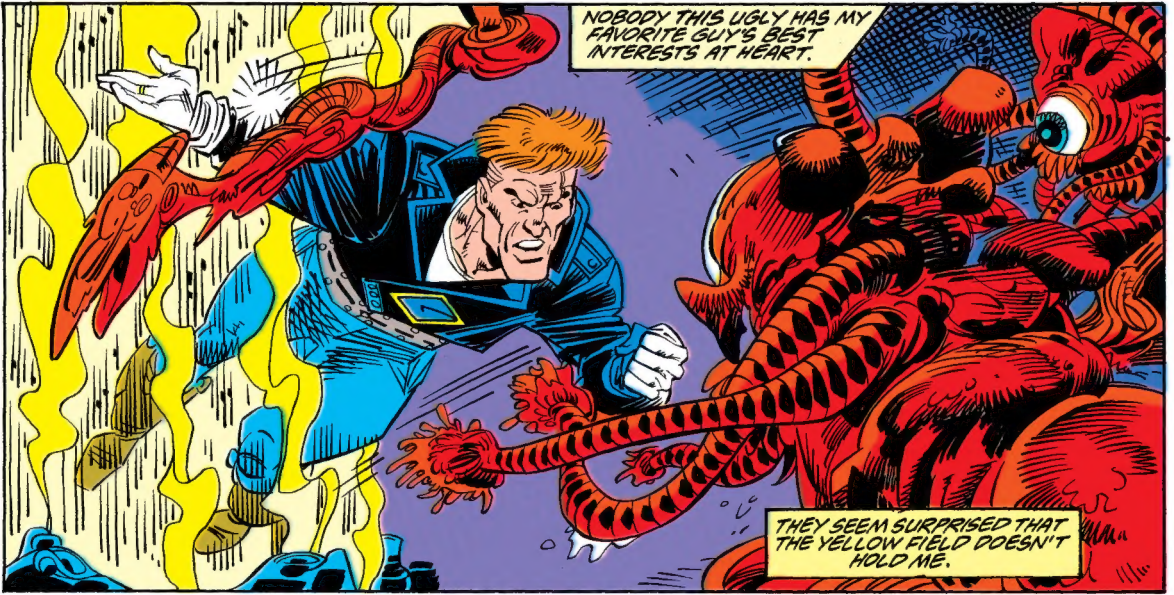
...GET A SIX-PACK
ON THE WAY?

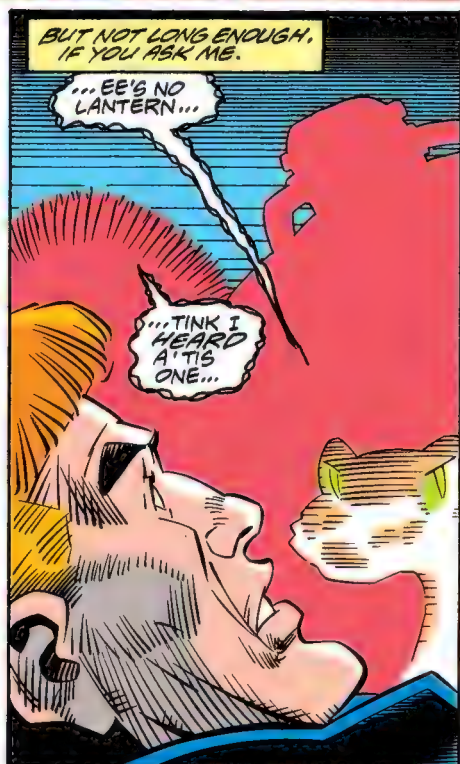
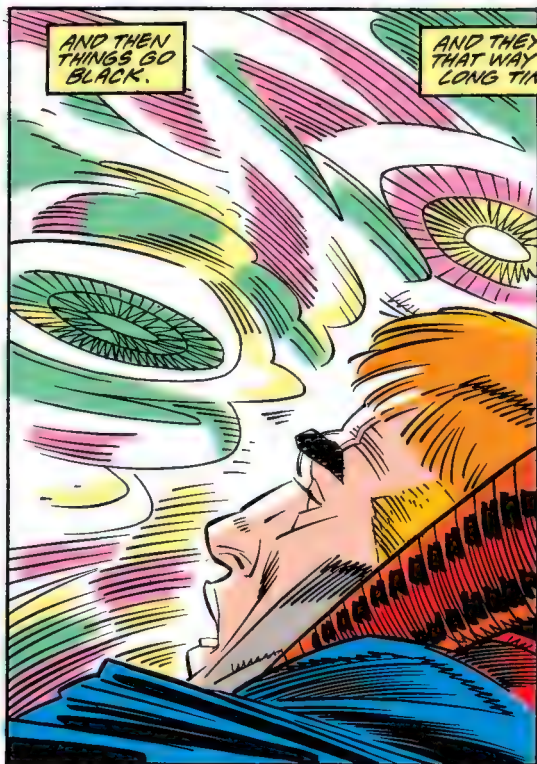
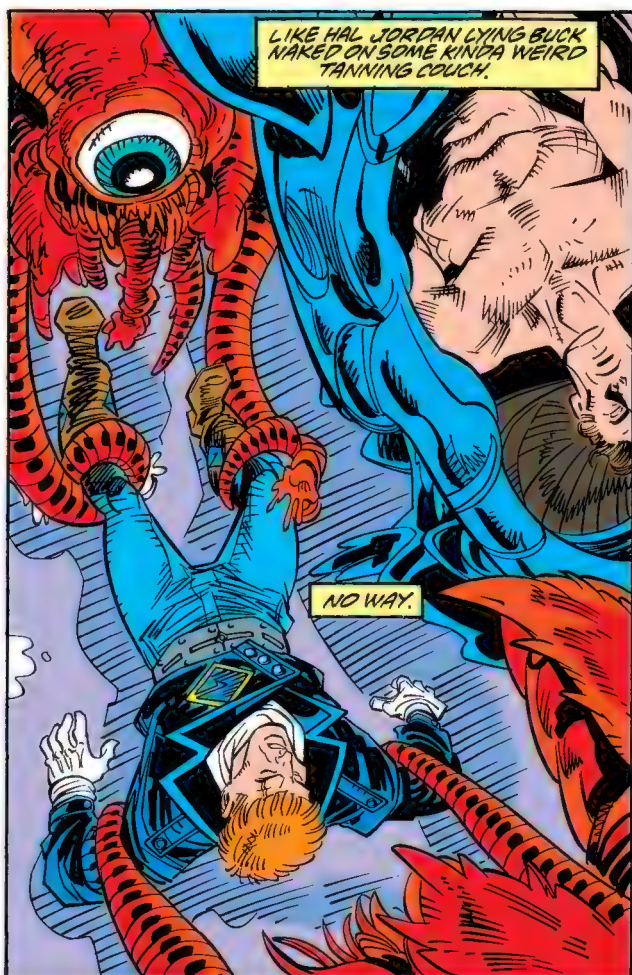
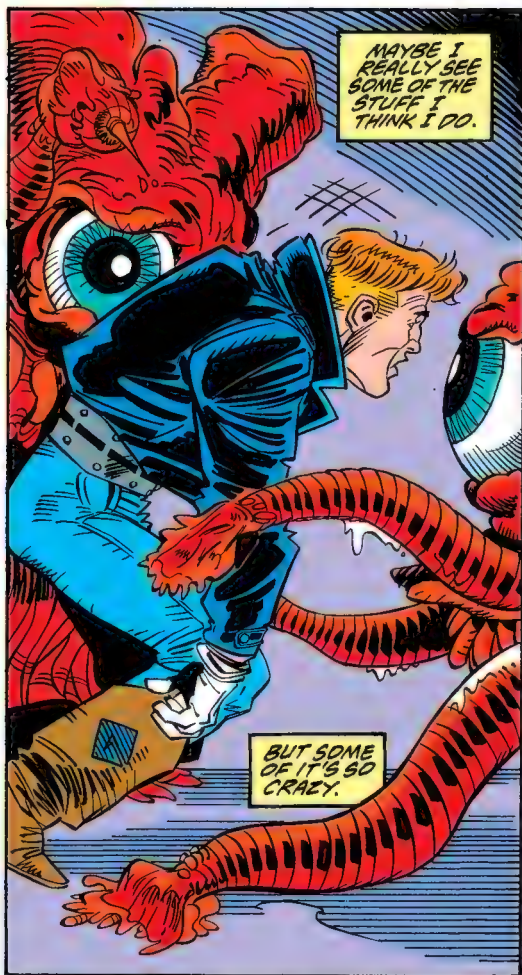
SO I DON'T
KNOW WHERE
I AM.

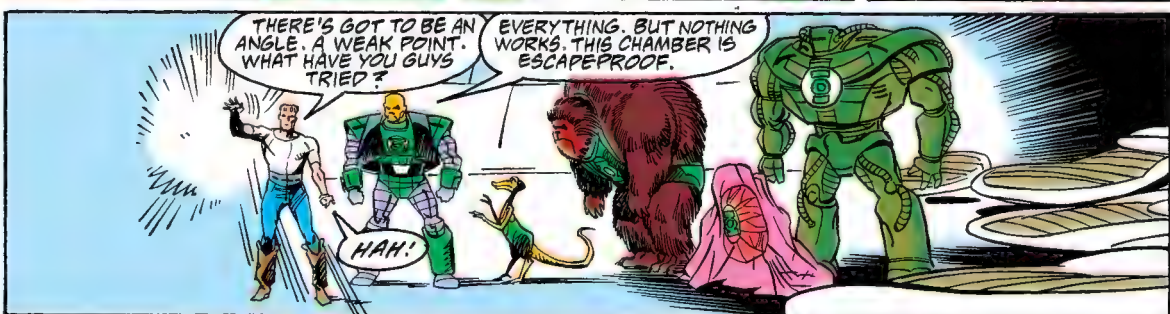
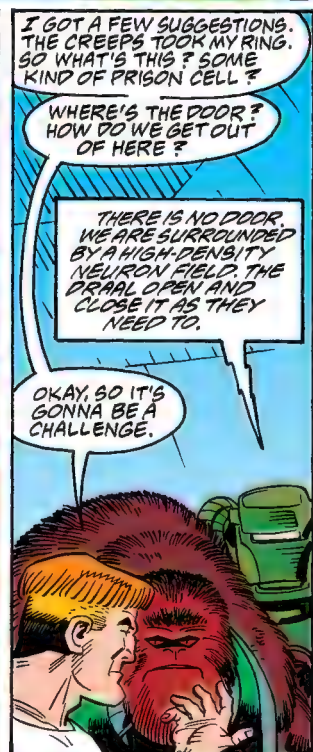
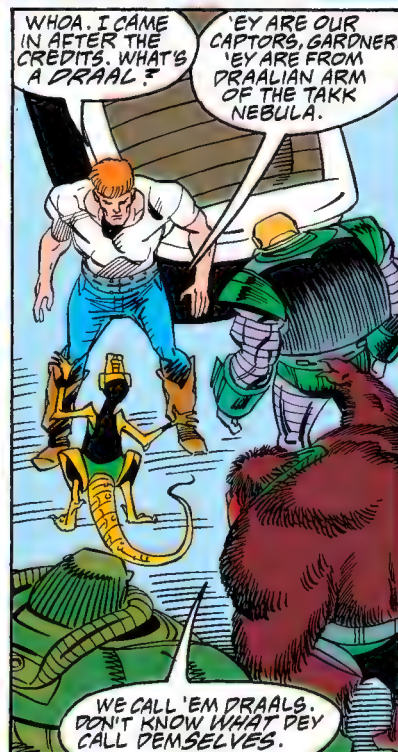
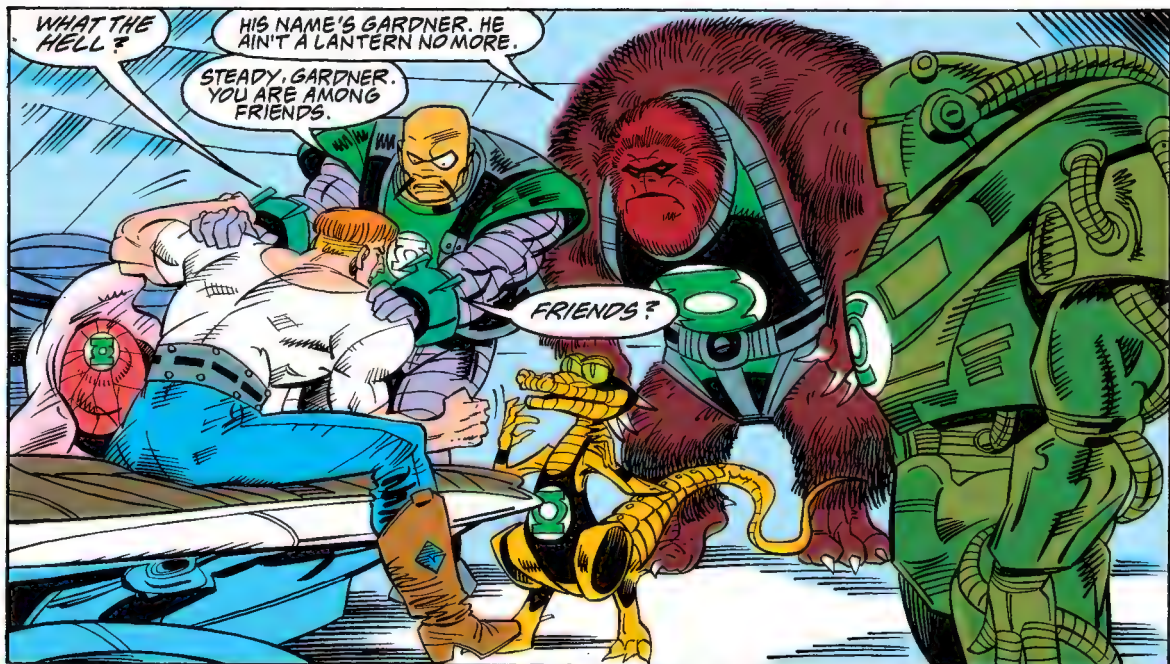


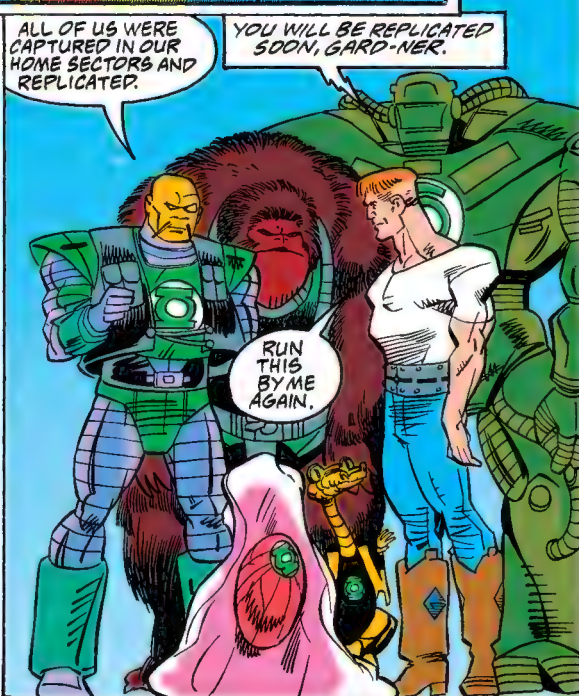
AND I DON'T
KNOW WHAT'S
GOING ON.

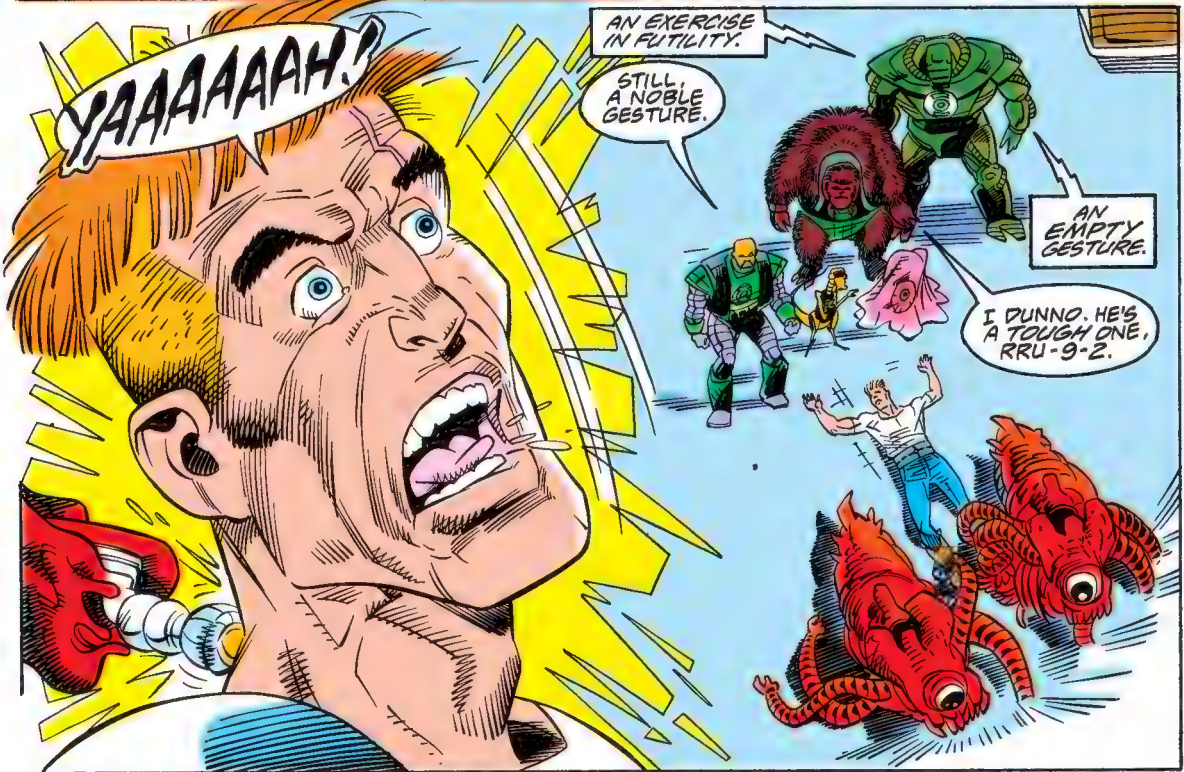
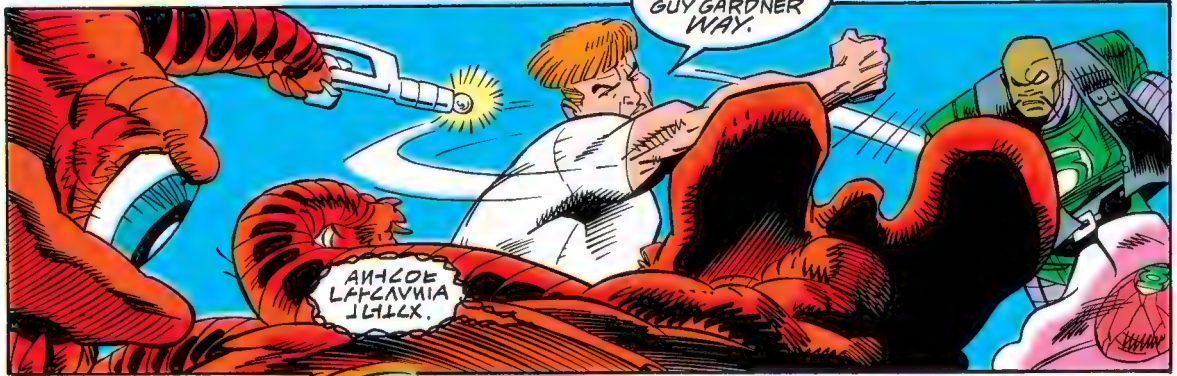
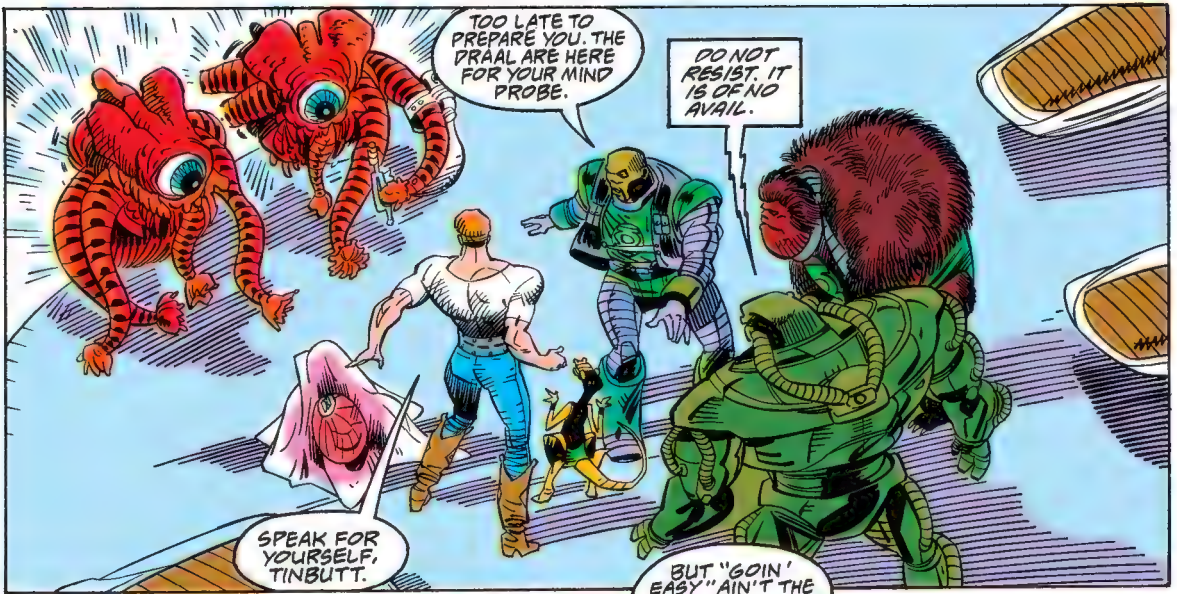
BUT ONE
THING I DO
KNOW...



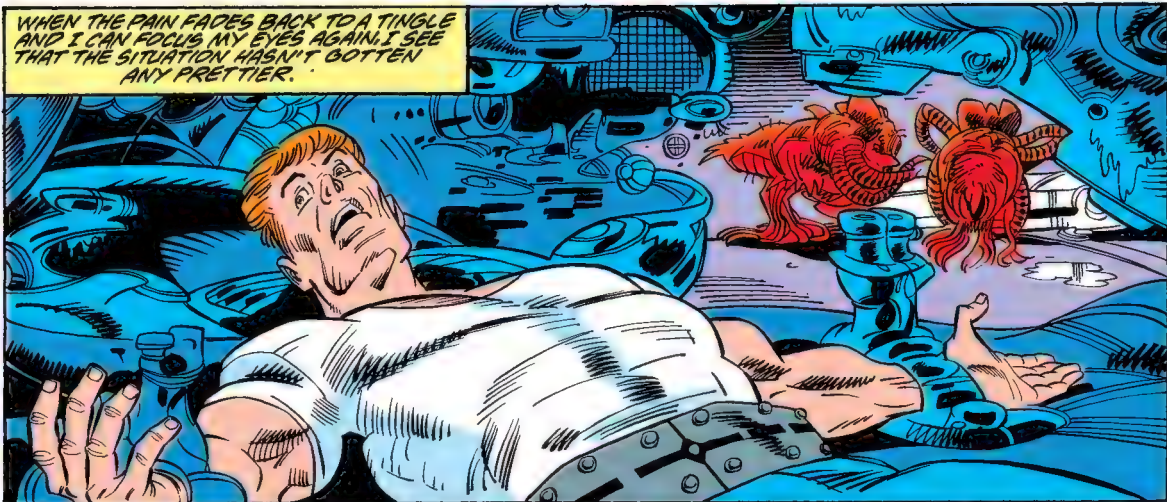








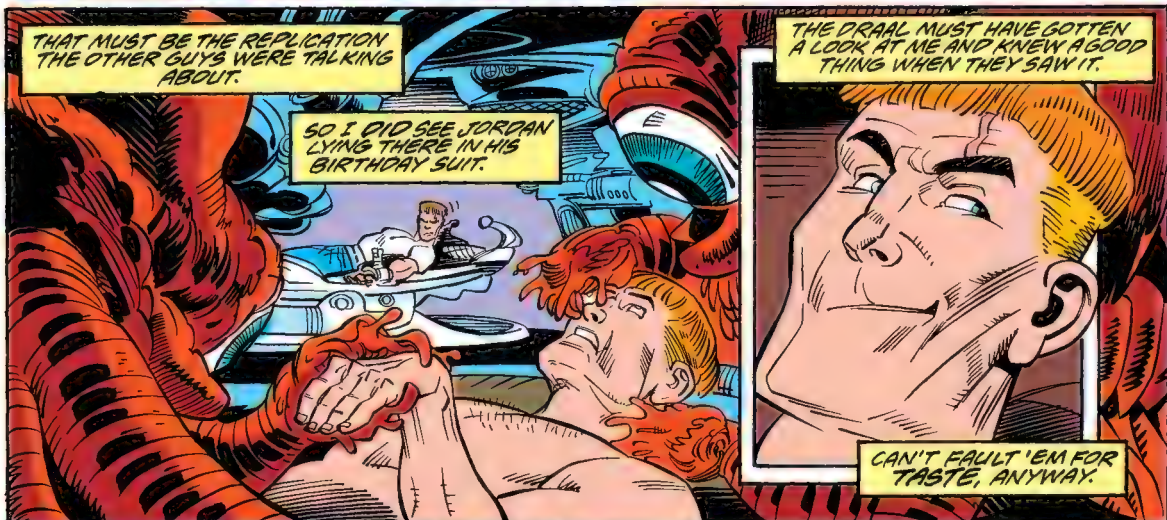
WHEN THE PAIN FADES BACK TO A TINGLE
AND I CAN FOCUS MY EYES AGAIN, I SEE
THAT THE SITUATION HASN'T GOTTEN
ANY PRETTIER.



THAT MUST BE THE REPLICATION
THE OTHER GUYS WERE TALKING
ABOUT.

SO I DID SEE JORDAN
LYING THERE IN HIS
BIRTHDAY SUIT.

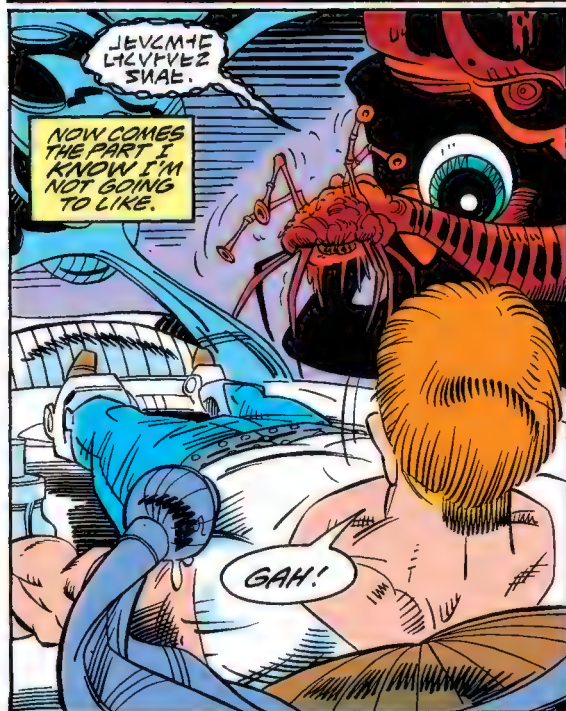
THE DRAAL MUST HAVE GOTTEN
A LOOK AT ME AND KNEW A GOOD
THING WHEN THEY SAW IT.



CAN'T FAULT 'EM FOR
TASTE, ANYWAY.

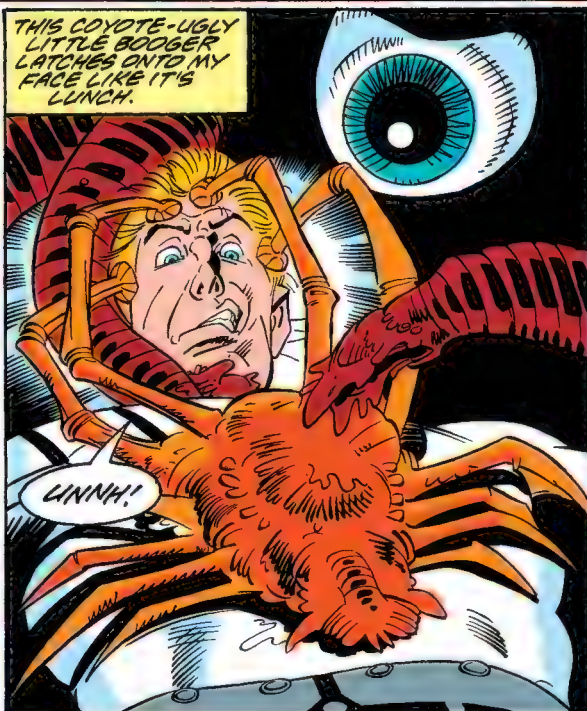
JEVEMIE
LICHVEEZ
SWAE.

NOW COMES
THE PART I
KNOW I'M
NOT GOING
TO LIKE.



GAH!

THIS COYOTE-UGLY
LITTLE BOOGER
CATCHES ONTO MY
FACE LIKE IT'S
LUNCH.



UINNH!

PRINCIPAL

A BEATING. A SCOLDING. AND A TRIP TO THE PRINCIPAL. AND ANOTHER BEATING WHEN I GET HOME TO MAKE IT COMPLETE.

SHAPING UP TO A GREAT DAY.

FEELING SLEEPY.

DON'T WANT TO BE NAPPING WHEN THE PRINCIPAL CALLS.

...JUST MAKE IT WORSE...

...WORSE...

...WORSE...

HE IS REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS.

THAT'S IT?
IS IT OVER?

ONLY THE FIRST SESSION. THE FOLLOWING PROBES GO DEEPER.

DEY GOTTA KNOW EVERYTING ABOUT YUH.

THE REPLICATION PROCESS IS EXTENSIVE.

MY ROOM BACK
IN BALTIMORE.

CENTRAL

JUST LIKE I
WAS A KID
AGAIN.

WHAT AM I
SAYING? I AM
A KID AGAIN.

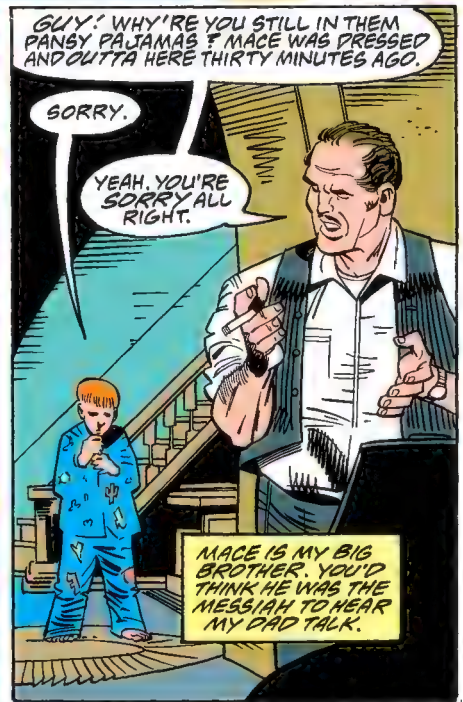
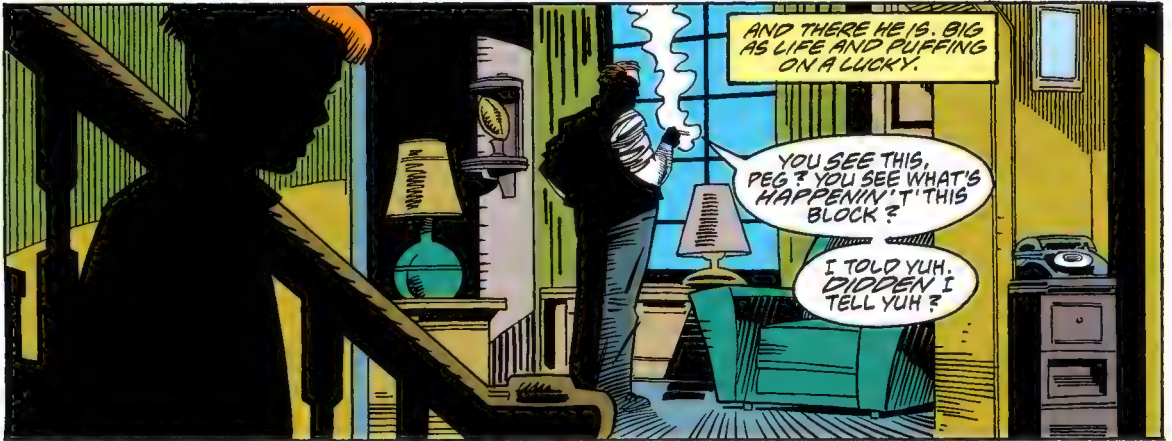
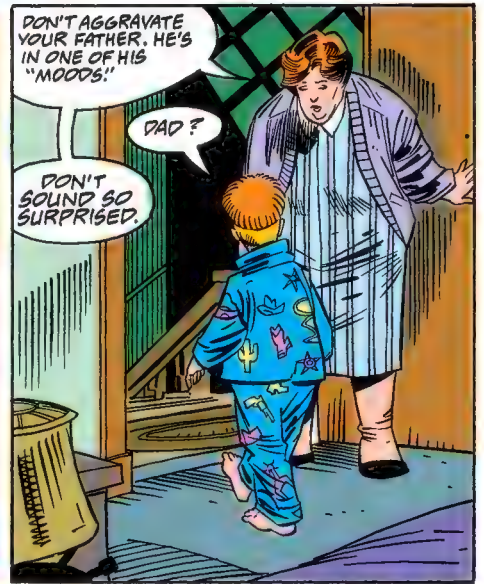
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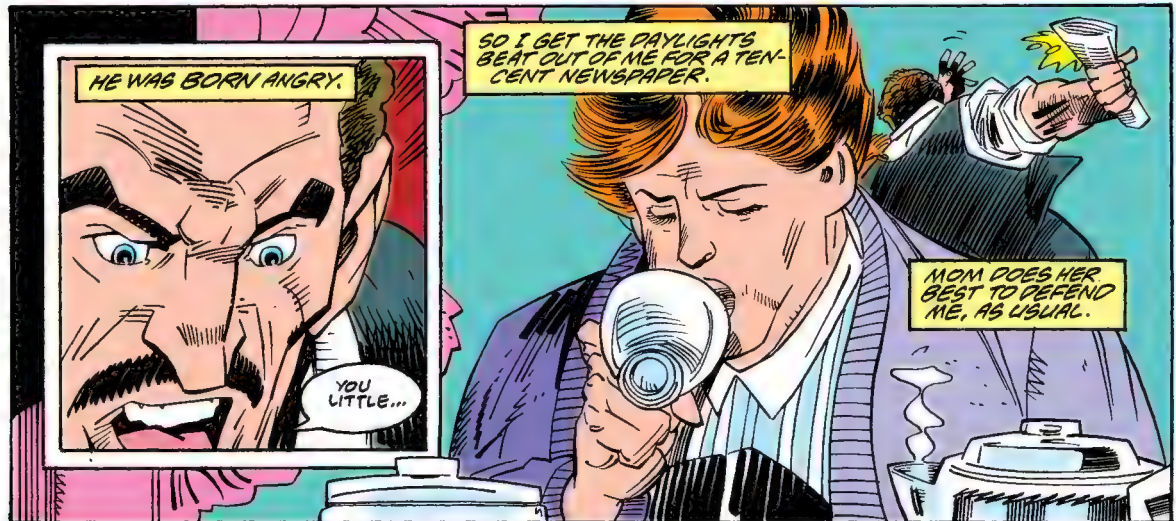
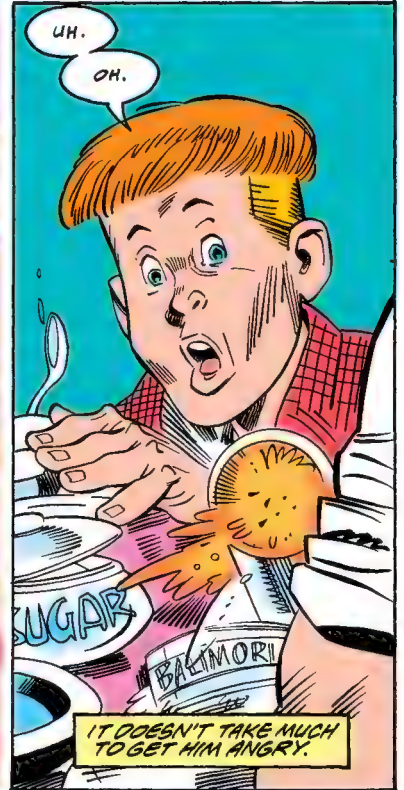
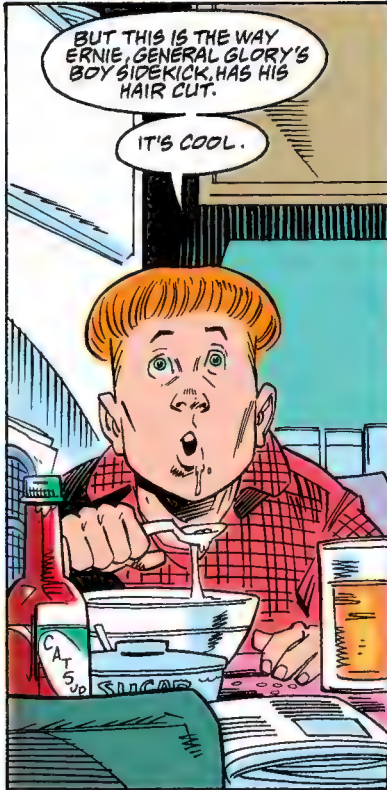
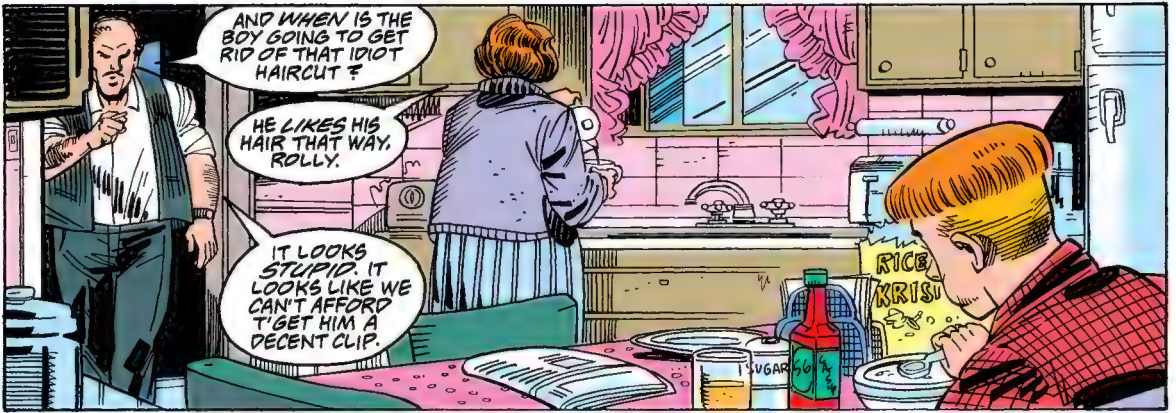
GUY
GARDNER!

GET
YOUR
BUTT
DOWN
HERE!

--THE
HELL?





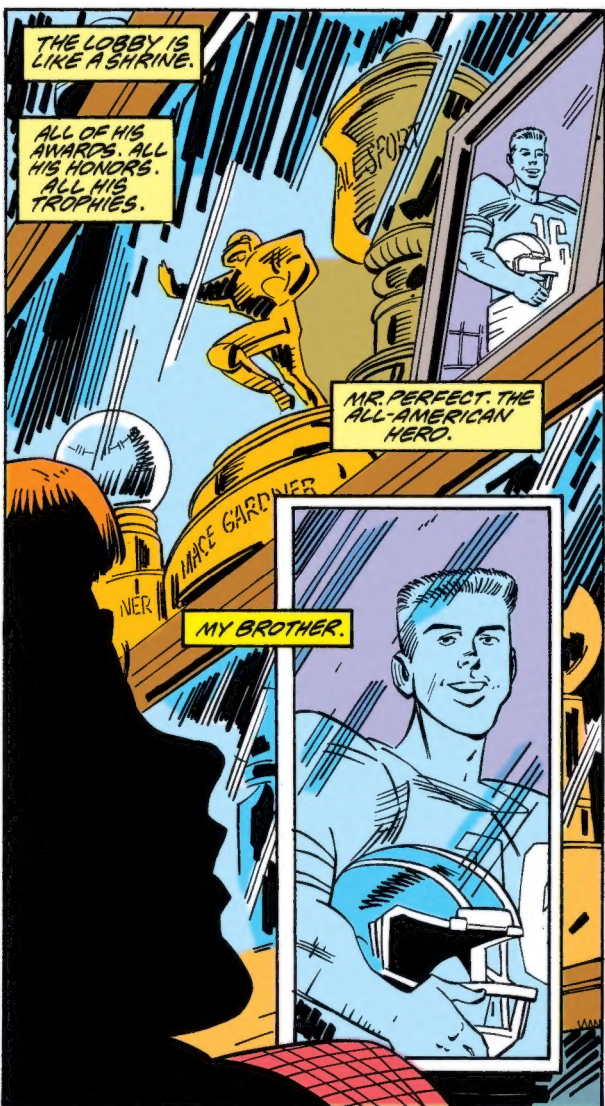




OF COURSE A GOOD BEATING IS NO EXCUSE FOR BEING LATE TO SCHOOL.

THE BEGINNING OF THE DAY IS THE WORST PART.

JUST ANOTHER REMINDER OF WHAT A TOTAL LITTLE WUSS I AM.

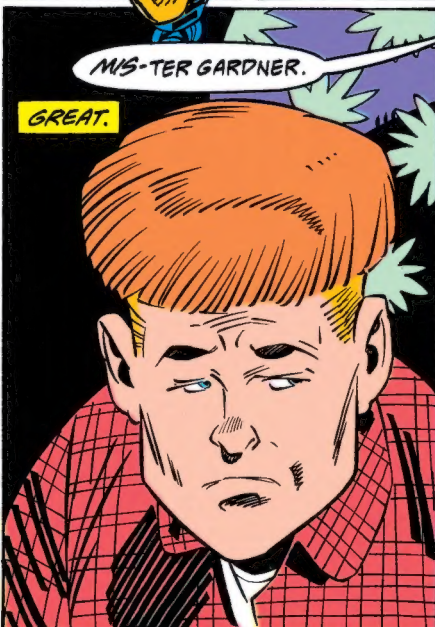


THE LOBBY IS LIKE A SHRINE.

ALL OF HIS AWARDS. ALL HIS HONORS. ALL HIS TROPHIES.

MR. PERFECT. THE ALL-AMERICAN HERO.

MY BROTHER.



MIS-TER GARDNER.

GREAT.



DO YOU THINK I EVER CAUGHT YOUR BROTHER DALLYING IN THE HALLS LIKE THIS, MIS-TER GARDNER?

YOU COME WITH ME.

ANOTHER REMINDER OF MY TOTAL WORTHLESSNESS.



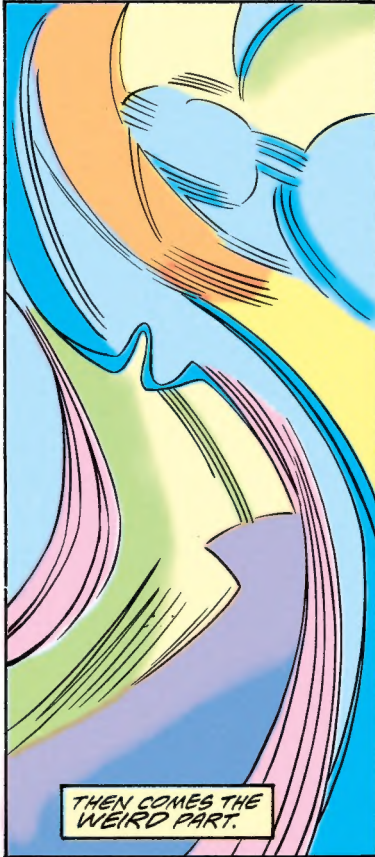
FOR A SECOND IT'S LIKE
A DENTIST'S DRILL IN
MY FOREHEAD.



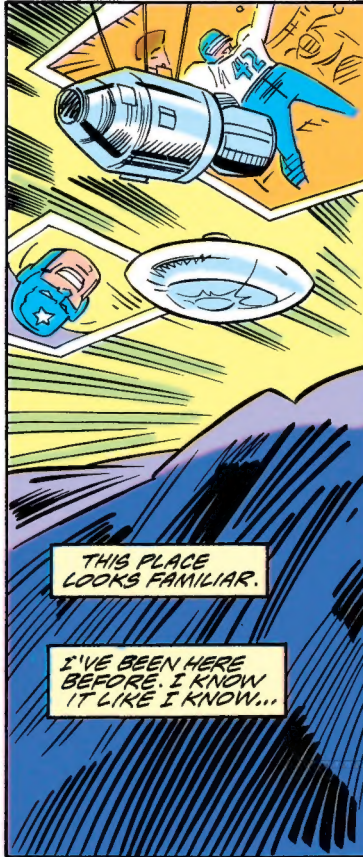
THEN IT'S NOT
SO BAD.



THEN IT FEELS
KIND OF GOOD.



THEN COMES THE
WEIRD PART.



THIS PLACE
LOOKS FAMILIAR.

I'VE BEEN HERE
BEFORE. I KNOW
IT LIKE I KNOW...



... THE BACK
OF MY HAND ?

GUY!

IT IS NECESSARY NOT ONLY TO BEGUILF YOUR ACQUAINTANCES BUT TO PASS THE SCRUTINY OF THE GUARDIANS AS WELL.

IT IS BEST TO CO-OPERATE. PERHAPS YOU WILL NOT BE SO HASTY TO PUT UP YOUR RIDICULOUS SHOW OF DEFIANCE NEXT TIME.

I'VE TAKEN ABOUT AS MUCH FROM YOU AS I'M GONNA, SHORT-CIRCUIT.

WHUZZZZZZZ?

I MAY BE BULLHEADED AND ARROGANT AND OVERCONFIDENT AND UNREALISTIC. BUT THOSE ARE MY GOOD POINTS.

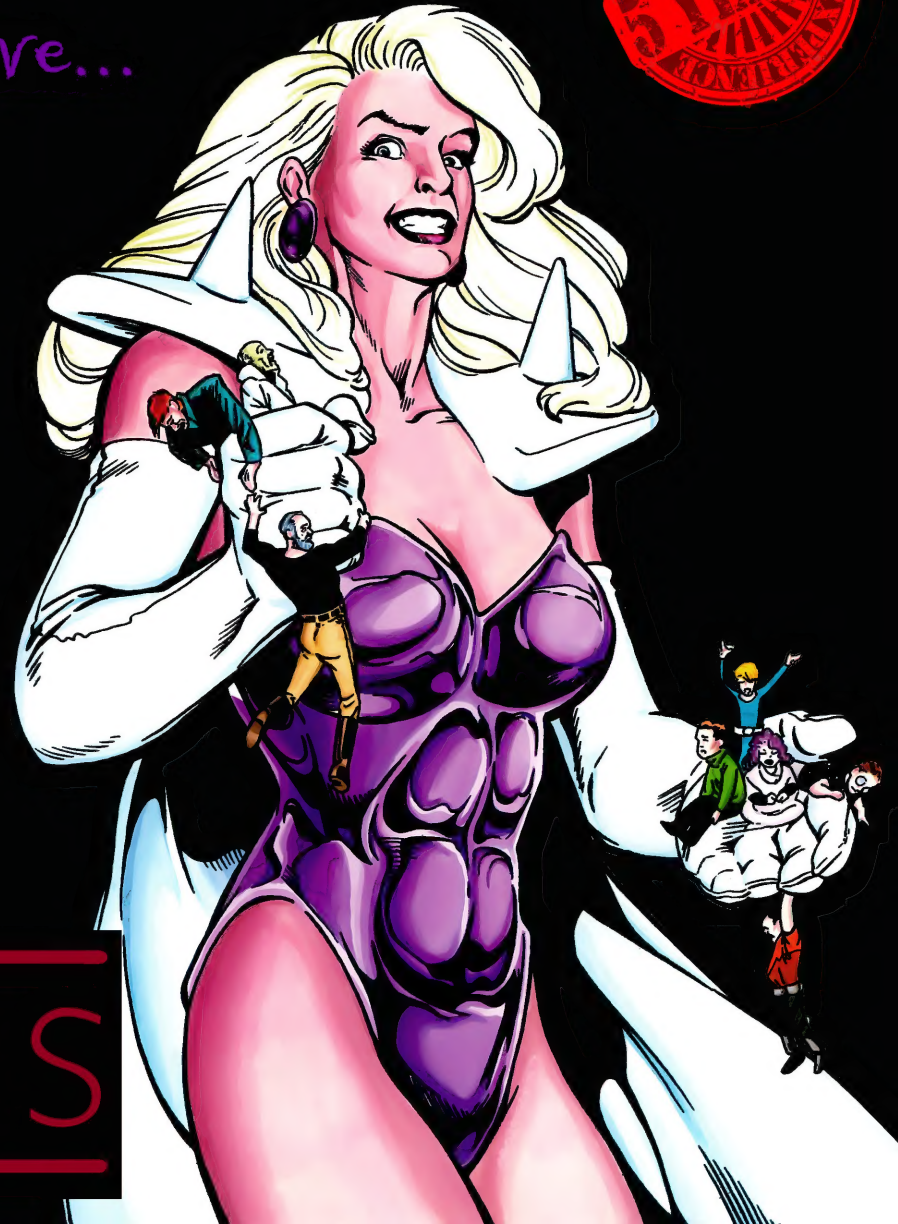
AND I'M BREAKING OUT OF THIS SCI-FI HAMSTER CAGE EVEN IF I GOTTA DIE TO DO IT.

OTHERWISE GUY GARDNER WALKS ALONE.

AND IF ANY OF YOU CANDYBUTTS STILL WANNA CALL YOURSELVES LANTERNS, YOU CAN TAG ALONG.

**NEXT:
DREAM
A DEADLY
DREAM!**

From Baaldur, with love...



GLORITH

NOVUS